

## A War Office Secret

"WALLINGFORD shoot?" said Sergt. Harding. "Of course he can. A man on the staff at Hythe has a rifle in his hand all day and every day. Even you could shoot under such—well, perhaps not you, for you never know what you can't do until you try. Do I know the school of musketry? I do know it—lock, stock, barrel and cleaning rod, or, I should say, in these Lee-Metford days, cleaning rod, for the cleaning rod's as dead as Queen Anne or the pigtails for which the Welsh fusiliers still wear the 'flash,' though the powder and pomatum from which the 'flash' protected the coat has been gone for the best part of a century."

"Now, you all know why foreign military attaches are in England. They are here to see the rights of all improvements in the army—in men, in tools, in the handling of either. They notice a new explosive or a new drill movement, and if the horse guards gave me a commission I reckon they would notice that, and would tell their respective war offices that they had better look out now. Our military attaches are abroad for the same purpose. They're just spies in peace time. Why, I remember when cordite came out how one of the continental war offices sent a gunner officer over here—they said to learn English. I know the man at Woolwich who gave him the cordite, and how much he got for it. I know the Englishman who found the man at Woolwich who would do the job. I know how much more he got for it. But would I breathe the name of that continental power, to make international complications? Not me. I know better what's due to my country. All which leads up to this: When I was at Hythe qualifying for two guns and a crown over my three stripes there was a great mystery about the Maxim; in fact, we who were undergoing instruction as instructors were never shown the mechanism of the block. The instructor of the Hythe staff used always to take that out of the gun and hold it behind him while he explained the other parts. And that was what made me curious to see the block. I was working very hard in the evenings; yet for my health's sake I had to walk now and then into Folkestone and along the Leas. And there I met a young foreign person, who told me she was a lady's maid. How did I make her acquaintance? If you don't know a simple little thing like that, you ought to. We learn in the army the art of mixing gracefully in female society. And the young foreign person, who spoke English beautifully, said to me one evening as we were sitting in a quiet spot away from other people and from gas lamps:

"I do love to hear about all that concerns you. Tell me all about what you do at the school of musketry."

"Oh, it's all very simple, ma'mselle," said I. Then, just to show her that a clever fellow I was, I began to give her a full account of all the difficult things we had to do. And, of course, among other things I spoke of the machine guns.

"Those are the horrid things that go crk-crk-crk-crk, are they not?" asked she, as she imitated perfectly the venomous spit of the beasts.

"That's it."

"Tell me about them. I think they are wonderfully interesting. How well educated a soldier has to be nowadays to understand such things!"

"It's quite true that a first-class certificate of education, which a sergeant is now bound to have, is not got for the asking. Then I went on to tell her of the mechanism of the Maxim.

"But the funniest thing about it all is that they won't let us see the works of the block, although we are to qualify for musketry instructors."

"And of the most important part of the gun you know nothing?"

"I have a general idea."

"A man who is as clever as you in mechanics and mathematics ought to know all about it. I should be curious to know if I were you."

"I could easily find out all about it if I cared to take the trouble."

"Trouble! What is trouble to a scientific man? If I were you I should think nothing of any little trouble. Now, I will spur you for your own good and to advance you in the service. I am curious, for your sake, to know about this gun. I'll bet you what you like you don't explain the mechanism of the block to me within a month. Your explanations make even dry old figures interesting."

"And can I name the stakes?"

"Certainly."

"A kiss, then."

"I can't bet you that?"

"But I was to name the stakes."

"Oh, I couldn't think of it."

"There's no need for you to think of it, ma'mselle. You've only to do it. I have your word, you know. If you are honorable—"

"Sir!"

"Then the bet is off?"

"No, I give you my word. It is annoying. But I will keep my word."

"And I can give you my word that I shall win. So, perhaps, in case you change your mind, I had better have the kiss now."

"The rest of the evening has nothing to do with the story."

"Now, I had been working hard at the mechanics of guns before I went to the school of musketry, so that I might do well. And I had a natural taste for such things in the blood, probably because my aunt married a smith, to whom I was to have been bound apprentice, only I would none of him and his smithy. So you only had to show me the coconut in gunnery mechanics, and I tumbled to

what kind of milk was inside. The next Maxim day we were gathered round the instructor, who was reeling out his Maxim yarn. He had taken out the block, and was holding it in his fingers behind his back. I had my notebook in my hand, and I slipped behind him. In a very few moments I had a sketch of all that appeared on the surface, and a very good idea of what was beneath it.

"That very evening I was sitting among a lot of other men who were swotting for exam. I had a sheet of foolscap and was busy making a sketch of the action in Indian ink."

"Hullo, young man," said the instructor, who had been looking over my shoulder, unbeknown to me, 'what have you got there?"

"You ought to know as well, if not better than I, sergeant-instructor."

"I do know. But where did you get it?"

"That's my business."

"Well, you must give it up."

"Oh, no, I shan't."

"But you must."

"It's mine, and you can't take it from me."

"We'll see what Lieut. Brown says about that."

"If Lieut. Brown says I must give it up, I will. But not unless."

"Come along, then, to his quarters."

"This is Sergt. Harding, duke of Cornwall's light infantry, sir," said the sergeant-instructor, when we reached Lieut. Brown's room. "He has a sketch of the Maxim secret action and refuses to give it up."

"How's this, Sergt. Harding?" asked Lieut. Brown.

"The sketch is my own, sir. I refused to give it up to the sergeant-instructor, but said I would give it up at once, if you ordered me. But I have made one sketch, and if you take that away from me, I have the action in my mind, and can always make another sketch."

"That's quite true. Yet such things had better not be knocking about. You will destroy the sketch, Sergt. Harding?"

"Yes, thought I, 'when I have shown it and won my bet.'"

"And how did you get hold of it?"

"Must I tell you, sir?"

"Yes."

"I took it down in my notebook while the sergeant-instructor held the block behind his back."

"The sergeant-instructor looked foolish, and Lieut. Brown drawled:

"I think, sergeant-instructor, you had better have settled this little matter without appealing to me. Good night, both."

"The sergeant-instructor was too upset to want to see the sketch destroyed. I lost very little time in strolling down to that quiet spot where I might light on mam'selle. Not that, in view of what is to come, I wish in any way, to say or to hint, or to imply that she was French. Far from it. I used the name 'mam'selle' as meaning young foreign person, as a sailor uses 'Dutchman' to mean a foreign sailor, usually a Norwegian or a Swede. She was there."

"Good evening, mam'selle," said I. "Had you any idea of going on the pier this evening, or do you prefer to stop quietly here?"

"To stop here, I think; that is, she said hurriedly—I wonder why—if you're going to behave yourself properly."

"Well," said I, "as I've won my bet, I think I may as well collect the stakes."

"You've won? You know all about the Maxim?" asked she so excitedly that her words tumbled one over the other.

"I have told you so."

"Yes; you are quite sure?"

"Quite. I have an Indian ink sketch of it on me."

"Let me see it—let me see it," she repeated, and her eyes gleamed.

"Quite so," said I. "Seeing's believing; but—I should like to collect my stakes."

"No longer coy, she flung her arms around my neck and kissed me till I had no breath with which to repay her kisses. But she herself had breath enough to gasp:

"Give me the paper."

"I put my hand in the breast pocket of my serge, which I always used to wear under my greatcoat. I began to pull out the drawing. Just then I heard the drawing voice of Lieut. Brown come from the darkness—for we were in a very quiet and cosy corner:

"I thought as much, Sergt. Harding. You are under arrest. Follow me to quarters."

"I turned toward the voice, and then toward mam'selle—or toward where she had been, for she was gone."

"I rose and saluted."

"May I ask you, sir—"

"You're a lucky man that I had a suspicion of the facts. You're fool enough to do a lot of harm, but too big a fool to know you're doing it. You Cornish chough, do you believe one of the prettiest women in Folkestone and one of the cleverest women in the world is in love with you? You were just on the point of giving a drawing of the secret action to the smartest unofficial military attaché—and that is a spy—of—"

"Shall I name the country which he named to me? Not I. No strained relations, no wars and rumors of wars, shall come upon England through me. I want no secret dossier—whatever that may be. But so long as I live it shall be a secret for which war office mam'selle was collecting information."

"Her profession was bad, but her kisses!—ah, they were good."—Cornhill Magazine.

Of No Account.

Mrs. Highlife—Who is she, anyway?

Mrs. Womansright—Oh, she's nobody. She's just one of those foolish creatures that acts as her husband wishes, agrees with him on all political questions and even stays at home with her children three nights in the week.—Yonkers Herald.

## HAS KEY DUG UP IN ROME.

Evanston Educator's Souvenir Is Believed to Be of Selenitic Value.

Prof. Boltwood, principal of the Evanston (Ill.) high school, has in his possession a key that was dug from the ruins of the Roman forum last summer. It has never been seen by scientists, but Prof. Boltwood believes it is of great value.

The key was secured by Edwin McDonald, a student of the Evanston high school, last summer, while he was in Rome. Young McDonald was watching the workmen excavating among the ruins and saw one of them bring the key to light. The workmen were not allowed to remove anything they found, but McDonald took advantage of the absence of the overseer to buy the key of the finder. He offered him a coin to the value of \$2.50 and it was readily taken.

The key is of bronze, is 18 inches long and weighs five pounds. But what is of far more interest to students of history is that the key is covered with hieroglyphics. Prof. Boltwood was unable to translate any of them, but he believes the inscriptions are in several different languages. He thinks some of them are in Hebrew, others in Greek, and still another in Persian.

Prof. Boltwood proposes to have the inscriptions translated by archaeologists.

## WEDDINGS AMONG THE RICH.

Autumn Will See the Union of Hearts and Fortunes Among Members of the 400.

Cupid is reaping a rich harvest of hearts this autumn. In the fashionable world of the 400 the weddings will follow each other closely all through October and November. Foremost in social importance is that of Miss Louisa Morgan, the eldest daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, the multi-millionaire, to Herbert Livingston Satterlee, a New York lawyer. It is said that Mr. Satterlee's bride will bring him a dowry of \$1,000,000, the gift of her father, whose favorite child she is. Mr. Satterlee is a member of the New York naval militia, and served as a member of Gov. Morton's and Gov. Black's staffs.

Another wedding to be celebrated during November is that of Miss May Harper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henry Harper, to Langdon Barrett Valentine, a Harvard man of the class of '87. Still another wedding in which society is interested is that of Miss Edith Whitney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Whitney, to Henry Lewis Batterman. Miss Elizabeth Barnes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Burd Barnes, will be married on November 8 to William B. Potts.

Speed of Pioneer Ocean Liners.

The Britannia, the pioneer vessel of the Cunard company, was built on the Clyde in 1840, and she and three sister ships averaged a speed of 8½ knots an hour. In a race between the first American ship, the Washington, and the Britannia the British vessel won by two days. With the inauguration of the Collins line in 1850 the Cunard company met with keen competition, but it held its own, and in 1885 it added the Persia to its fleet, and she averaged a speed of 13½ knots per hour—which eclipsed every previous performance by any steamer. The average length of passage from Liverpool to New York was then 12 days.

Female Clerks in Japan.

The latest innovation in Japan is the formation of commercial schools for the training of female clerks, and one of the largest railway companies in Nippon has intimated that after a certain date women only will be employed in its clerical department.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Oct. 24.

CATTLE—Common . . . \$2 65 @ 3 50

Extra butchers . . . 4 75 @ 4 85

CALVES—Extra . . . 6 25 @ 6 50

HOGS—Choice packers . . . 4 60 @ 4 70

Mixed packers . . . 4 40 @ 4 57½

SHEEP—Choice . . . 2 60 @ 3 40

LAMBS—Extras . . . 4 75 @ 4 85

FLOUR—Spring pat. . . 3 90 @ 4 30

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 75

CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 42½

OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 23

RYE—No. 2 . . . @ 56

HAY—Best timothy . . . @14 25

PORK—Mess . . . @10 80

LARD—Steam . . . @ 6 75

BUTTER—Ch. dairy . . . @ 15

Choice creamery . . . @ 24

APPLES—Ch. to fancy . . . 2 50 @ 2 75

POTATOES—Per brl. . . 1 15 @ 1 25

TOBACCO—New . . . 6 00 @ 7 95

Old . . . 12 00 @14 75

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Win. patent . . . 3 80 @ 4 00

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 73 @ 74½

No. 3 spring . . . 65 @ 72½

CORN—No. 2 . . . 38½ @ 39½

OATS—No. 2 . . . 22½ @ 23½

RYE . . . @ 49½

PORK—Mess . . . 11 25 @11 50

LARD—Steam . . . 6 85 @ 6 92½

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Win. patent . . . 3 70 @ 4 00

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 77

CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 46

OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 25½

RYE . . . @ 57

LARD—Steam . . . 7 25 @ 7 30

PORK—Family . . . 16 00 @16 50

BALTIMORE.

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 70½ @ 70¾

Southern . . . 62 @ 71½

CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 44 @ 44½

OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 25

CATTLE—Butchers . . . 5 00 @ 5 25

HOGS—Western . . . 5 70 @ 5 80

INDIANAPOLIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 74

CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 40

OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 22½

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—Win. patent . . . 4 00 @ 4 50

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 72

CORN—Mixed . . . @ 43½

OATS—Mixed . . . 24 @ 24½

PORK—Mess . . . @12 50

LARD—Steam . . . @ 7 00

## Military Automobiles.

The immense advantages presented by automobiles have had a great fascination for progressive military men all over the world. Large sums have been offered for the best military automobile. In war, as in everything, it pays to use the best weapons. The best shield with which to protect the stomach is the Stomach Bitters. It is a certain cure for constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia and biliousness, and prevents malaria, fever and ague.

Papa Was Wearing the Laundry.

The little girl was inclined to answer the door bell about as soon as it sounded, and sometimes she gave answers to whoever might be there that were curious. One day the man who collects the packages of laundry was at the door and asked if the laundry was ready. "No," she replied, "papa has got it on."—Chicago Chronicle.

## A Thankful Woman.

On September 27, 1900, Mrs. Anna E. V. Bartley, of 1823 Baymiller Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "My eyes were ever since I was eleven years old. My parents tried everything they could for me, used all the Eye Doctors and they could not do as much as relieve me. My eyelids at times would have ulcers on them, causing terrible pain, so I could not do any work, and leeches were put on my head and temples to draw the blood away from my eyes. But your wonderful Lotion has cured me and I have been well now for more than five years. I am never without my Lotion, and I have recommended it to dozens of sufferers because it cured me, and I cannot thank you too much for what it has done for me." If your druggist does not keep it, send to Solon Palmer, 374 Pearl Street, New York, for sample of Lotion and Lotion Soap.

## First Doubt of Her Love.

She (as her lover is about to start on a journey round the world)—My dear Adolf, will you be true to me when you are far away? Promise me that you will write to me from every town you visit.

He—Oh, Ada, it is love that prompts you to say this. Ada, swear to me, do you really love me, or are you merely wanting foreign postage stamps?—Stray Stories.

## Homeseekers' Excursion Tickets.

To nearly all points in the United States on sale at all ticket offices of the Chicago Great Western Railway on the first and third Tuesdays of October, November and December, at the very low homeseekers' rate of one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Tickets good for return within 21 days from date of sale. Persons contemplating a trip will save money by calling on any Great Western Agent and obtaining detailed information regarding the homeseekers' rates, or addressing F. H. Lord, G. P. & T. A., 113 Adams St., Chicago.

Modest.—Her Father—"And I s'pose you expect if I consent to let you have my daughter that I will set you up in business and make you rich?" Mr. Sapleigh—"No, I really haven't any such extravagant expectations as that. I'm willing to take her just for my board and clothes."—Spare Moments.

Business Opportunities on the line of the Chicago Great Western Ry in Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Missouri. First class openings in growing towns for all kinds of business and for manufacturing. Our list includes locations for Blacksmiths, Doctors, Dressmakers, Furniture, Grain and Live Stock Buyers, General Merchandise, Hardware, Harness Tailors, Cold Storage, Creameries and Canning Factories. Write fully in regard to your requirements so that we may advise you intelligently. Address W. J. Reed, Industrial Agent, C. G. W. Ry., 601 Endicott Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

"What wholesome truth," asked the Sabbath-school teacher, nervously, "is taught by the story of Jonah and the whale? The serious child with the tall brow did not reply: 'It's hard to keep a good man down!' But merely: 'I don't know!' This was thought to be very remarkable in one so young.—Detroit Journal.

## Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

"He insulted me!" she exclaimed. "He contradicted me in a most brutal way. What have you to say to that?" "Why, I—er—I—that is to say, I—er—admire his nerve, of course," answered Mr. Meekly.—Chicago Post.

There should be less worrying about what the "unseen has in store," and more care of the health to be able to do the work it brings to everyone.—Aetchison Globe.

## The Best Prescription for Chills.

And Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. Its simply iron and quinine in tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

Nothing Doing.—Bernstein—"Vot's der new old man?" Flamski (with paper)—"Oh, nodding to speak of; two big alarms undt seven small fires."—Town Topics.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

When a man is looking for trouble he never loses his way.—Town Topics.

## \$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50

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